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VOL. LXVIII.

No. 1X.

THE

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



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JUNE, 1903.

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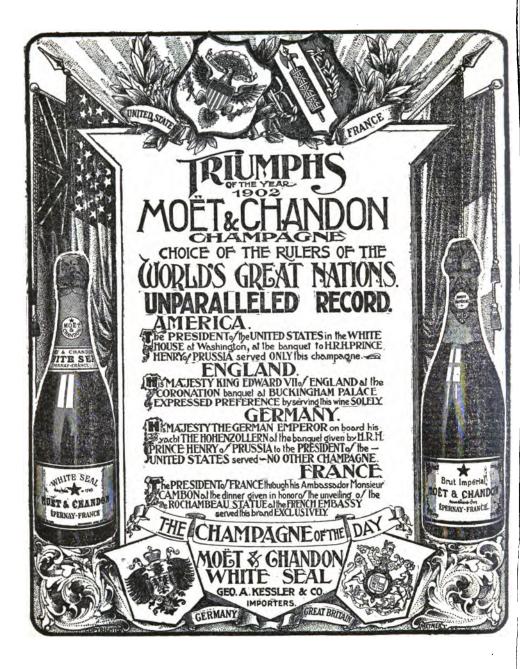
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Sixty-Eighth Volume with the number for October, 1902. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors or their authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the editorial management of the periodical must be addressed to Alexander Gordon, Chairman. Communications with regard to the business management, to Horatio Ford, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of The Yale Literary Magazine, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

## ==STRAWS==

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#### THE

## YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXVIII

JUNE, 1903

No. 9

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1904.

GERALD CHITTENDEN.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH.

HORATIO FORD.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

#### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING.

A HISTRIONIC artist of hoosier training once attempted to display his art in a western town. At the appointed time his audience failed to appear. But our hero was a man of resources and, issuing forth with a revolver in each hand, he waylaid the ill-starred passers-by and forced them at the weapon's mouth into his ticket office. It is in a very similar spirit that most of the recent articles on intercollegiate debating have, so to speak, placed their pistols at the head of the public. But the public has failed to respond as expected; and oratory has still gone on without its audience.

We cannot help feeling that there is a kind of grim justice here. All these appeals are made, not to any idea of personal pleasure or profit, but solely to the public's sense of duty. Now, every man prefers to decide his duties for himself; and when he cannot see in an institution any source of enjoyment or advantage either for himself or others, he is not apt to care much about supporting it, especially if, in his opinion, it merely exists for the sake of

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being supported. If we are to bring men to our debates we must bring them, not by persistent(?) urging, but by giving them something worth coming to hear. Now, in our debates of the past, has the lack been in the nature of the debate itself, or in the appreciation of the audience? Apparently it has been partly in both and in both is open to remedy.

I think that one of the things most fatal to the popularity of debating is the prevalent habit of haggling over interpretations of the question. The audience comes to hear a live subject intelligently discussed, to learn new facts about it and gain new points of view. All intelligent people would enjoy this and profit by it. But instead they are treated to an hour of clever hair-splitting, which starts from nothing, gets nowhere, and stays there after it gets there. The audience sleep out the first debate and prudently absent themselves from the second.

We know that it is exceedingly hard at times to avoid this. The debaters go into the conflict to win, and are not disposed to yield a chance which may greatly strengthen their side. But it strengthens their side by belittling the whole debate and exhausting the audience. Even when it brings them victory, it robs that very victory of its prestige. Great care in framing the question and a spirit of broad magnanimity among the speakers should be the chief factors of improvement here.

Further, the question chosen should be one involving broad human interests, the joys and sufferings of mankind, in order that the speaker may throw his whole spirit into his side and work up a little of that moral impetus which distinguishes what is great from what is commonplace. What we wish to do is to approximate as closely as possible to the great oratorical combats of actual life. But these are primarily as much moral as intellectual; the intellect is merely the weapon, the man's moral conviction is the strong hand upon the hilt, which drives the sword-point home. Of course, under academic conditions, the best that we can do here will be a very poor approximation; but it can be vastly helped by proper subject and handling.

Besides the work of the speakers, there are certain other details of importance, especially the dangerous gap which always occurs between the end of the speeches and the judges' decision. This gap is inevitably long, as the importance of the case demands; but it is a severe strain upon the patience of the on-lookers; and every effort should be made to fill it up in some entertaining way. Every failure to do so is a direct blow at the future popularity of debating.

Still, after all is said, we cannot help feeling that college debating has much more in it than is seen by the great majority. We do not wish to force its virtues upon anybody; we merely suggest that a little closer scrutiny might show to many men something desirable in this neglected institution. It is, after all, a battle royal between great universities, just as our athletic contests are, and the only intellectual conflict which we have.

Of course, debating here has the disadvantage which, in the hands of undergraduates, all intellectual pursuits must have as compared with athletics. The world has a wide range to choose from and cares for nothing but the best in every walk of life. The undergraduate writer and orator are at the bottom of one of the noblest departments of human life; the athlete is much higher up in a much lower calling. People are interested in watching Arthur Duffy run, for he can run faster than any other man alive; they are interested in watching the Yale-Harvard football game, for they would have to go far to find a better. But they are not so much interested in college periodicals, however good these may be in themselves, for the time thus spent might be spent in reading the best magazines published; and they are not so much interested in the Yale-Harvard debate, for the same time might be spent in listening to Lyman Abbott or Justice There is a certain dignity and interest, apart from actual worth, which must inevitably attach itself to that which is the best of its kind, a dignity in which our athletic pursuits far surpass our intellectual ones.

But still the debate is an intercollegiate contest which is

stubbornly fought, which sometimes reaches a plane of statesman-like excellence, and which tests each university in those qualities which later—acting in its mature alumni—are to determine its most lasting fame. It is a contest which brings out a great mass of interesting thought and material upon some important topic of the hour; and it is for speaker and listener alike an invaluable training for future success.

We often hear it said that debating is dead as regards popularity at Yale, owing to our repeated defeats. But as a matter of fact, during the last few years Yale has had a better record in debating than in baseball. We have beaten Princeton; and if we have been beaten by Harvard, it is because we were facing the strongest college in the country. If our men have done this much with practically no moral backing from the university at large, they might do much more with a little sympathy and assistance.

We do not ask anybody to support this institution against his will, or to sing its praises in defiance of any personal opinions. We do not assert that these debates are or can be made as exciting as the great athletic contests in which world's records are sometimes broken. But we believe that if many men would turn their attention in this direction they would find here something interesting and helpful which they had hitherto wholly overlooked. Oratorical reasoning in its highest form is one of the grandest gifts of man; and, however imperfect may be its development in undergraduate life, it has far greater possibilities than many people realize.

Next fall, shortly before Christmas, we shall have our annual debate with Harvard, a university which makes much more of this subject than we do and which has beaten us for six years in succession. Our debaters and coaches mean to strain every nerve to win; and while we claim no moral right to any man's assistance, we feel that a little backing from the college men might be a great help to the team and the college, and at the same time a new and pleasant experience to the backers themselves, if they only take the trouble to look at the subject in its proper light.

F. E. Pierce.

#### ON LIGHTS HIDDEN UNDER BUSHELS.

THERE are some features of our present beneficent system of life which are decidedly on the retrograde. By such a statement as this, I have no wish to sneeze at the bright candle of Optimism, which has so often been put out by a little puff of Adversity or Criticism; no indeed, I myself am a keen follower of this light and have more than once singed myself by pursuing too close upon its flame. But surely here is a time when a few ready words of criticism may do much to remedy the existing abuses, one of the most glaring of which is our manner of bestowing names.

Mr. Martin Dooley, the well known Irish philosopher, gives us an account of his admiring a man of fine bearing and great personal pulchritude and then, to his utter consternation, finding that the fellow bore the name of Mudd J. Higgins. He was "all broken up about it," as he said, and so ought we to be about the present state of things. For the Mudd J. Higgins family is an enormous one and is being added to every day.

The old Roman, in like case, was very lucky. For if he were born to some name that was detrimental to his happiness, he could use it as a foundation for better things, build on it, as it were, until it was satisfactory in every way. If, for example, this Roman were possessed of the unfortunate title of Marcus Porcus, and, as is natural, was eager for relief,—to rehabilitate himself with the Chosen People and others,—he had only to grow a beard, and, with the aid of a little red dye, become Marcus P. Ahenobarbus, which is elegance itself. Of course the existing Ahenobarbus family might object to this forced addition to their numbers,—the Ahenobarbuses, be it known, were among the best families in Rome and, as a rule, made strenuous effort to prevent every exponent of the fast-color set that happened along, from nestling up to their beloved Lares and Penates. But,

even if they pushed the matter, the unlucky Porcus had but to gather a few troops, march out into the suburbs somewhere, fight a paltry battle or two, and come back Africanus, Germanicus, or something equally glorious; and titles of this sort bore no copyrights.

The Norse were another vigorous people who had constitutions capable of standing a jar or two in the matter of misfit names. But they were only born to one apiece, an Olaf or Sweyn or something of that sort, possibly a little bit harsh, but tried and true and an old friend of the family. As for other names, they took them as they saw fit. read of an old Viking named Thord, who gave up marauding, for pleasure or profit, and settled down, surrounded by his spoils, in a substantial block-house of the catch-as-catchcan school of architecture somewhere up Yorkshire way. His abode stood in a grove of seven enormous oak trees, so when Thords grew numerous in those parts and the errors arising therefrom, frequent and annoying, this worthy Viking dubbed himself Thord of the Sevenoaks and was well pleased with it. But here comes in the sad part of the story, which reflects the discredit on our own times. For not long ago I came across an account of a lineal descendant of this same Thord Sevenoaks petitioning to change his degenerate Snooks to George O. DePonsonby.

Through the formative middle ages, all men bore names that charmed their own ears at least. For each man might choose or make a name for himself. If his neighbors did not approve, they called him something else,—sometimes proper and sometimes not,—and this name, having the consent of the majority, usually clung. So names began to fit. Pious simplicity became Primrose, crabbedness Scrooge, sentimentality Languish, sarcasm Sneerwell. This was satisfactory for the time being, but heredity failed to carry it out. The younger generations of Languishes were hardheaded and practical, the children of the house of Sneerwell, kind-hearted. People began to wriggle under the brand, to mispronounce, in every way to try to scratch off the false

labels with which they were branded. Here began the trouble.

In these days, names are harum-scarum. Sometimes we find names that fit, like Dr. Hyde the dermatologist, but these are exceptions. Once I heard of a man in the South who undertook to name his children appropriately by calling them George Primus, Joseph Secundus and so on; but when the seventh appeared upon the scene, he was so hard put to it that, with brutal precision, he called the poor, defenceless little thing Bartlett et Ultimus, and then said it ought to be thankful to get a name at all. This is but a mild case of parental cruelty. No sooner is a child born, nowadays, as a general rule, than his loving relations begin to make experiments, in vain hope that they can concoct some name that will fitly combine his rich uncle Jehoahaz, his father Peter, the President, and St. Swithin or some other patron saint. And to the monument that arises from this chaos he is bound hand and foot, to his dying day. No wonder so many men go to places of enforced confinement, where they can exchange these unseemly barbarisms for prosaic but euphonious numbers.

The abuse is evident; now for the remedy. In a matter so nearly related to the welfare and happiness of the people of a republic, is it not right to turn to the Government? Therefore, I would advocate a Bureau of Nomenclature, which should be charged with euphemizing the names of all children at their birth, and, at the same time, with the regulating of the names of places, which now fare so badly at the hands of the railroads. If anyone considers these uses too slight to warrant such a radical step, which would be sure to give rise to great political disturbances, I would furthermore suggest that this Bureau be connected with the Patent Office and have a censorship on the names that issue from that long-suffering branch of the Government. Surely no one can deny the usefulness of such a regulator.

Political disturbances such a measure undoubtedly would create; indeed, it would be the principal issue in the election

to all government posts. The Irish, a people of euphonious and musical names, would probably oppose it in the beginning, and this would cause much commotion. But when their brethren, who lived in Greek or Polish districts, told them of the hours they spent in dodging the five-consonant-beginning appellations of their neighbors, we may be sure that there would be a revulsion of feeling. And so sentiment would turn everywhere; the conservative would be against it at first, but when they saw the true inwardness of this beneficent movement, they would flock to the standard of Progress. It would be a second Emancipation, another great stride in the march of Civilization. It would render talking as simple as writing, and the city directories as charming reading as the poems of a Laureate.

J. L. Houghteling, Jr.

#### IF YOU HAD KNOWN.

If you had only for a moment gazed
On the fair castle I had built for you,
O then, Dear Lips, perhaps you might have praised,—
If you had only gazed,
You might have entered, too.

If you had only looked but once, Dear Heart,
At those pure gates of pearl; if you but knew
The treasures I had laid for you apart,—
If you had looked, Dear Heart,
You might have entered, too.

If you had only for an instant seen
The loyal kingdom that I gave to you,
Still vainly hoping you would be its queen,—
If you had only seen,
You might have entered, too.

Dear loved and precious One!—If you had known
The aching breast that dumbly longed for you,
Perhaps in your cold heart a love were sown,—
If you had only known,
You might have entered, too.

J. F. Stimson.

#### THE DEATH OF LAUNCELOT.

#### A FRAGMENT.

I T was half erased, half hidden under a mass of clerical Latin in a heavier hand, that I found my legend. We were sitting in his study, the Bishop and I, and he handed me a long, yellow roll of parchment from his great cabinet. "Rather interesting, this," he said. "I only got it the other day. The Professor was telling me that it must be very old. It's one of these double manuscripts—what do you call 'em?—an MS. half erased, and another written over. What the original was I can't quite make out, something about Launcelot of the Lake, in very, very, dog-Latin."

I took the manuscript and I read the story, not in an hour, nor yet in a day, but I read the story—all that a man might read. It was this:

". . . . . . worn, but there was about him that which said, 'There is much in this man.' And he sat in silence on his steed for long time, and first he looked at the fresh green fields behind him, and then he looked at the cold grey walls ahead, and I would have cried to him, 'Go back, go back, Sir Knight,' but that there was something in his face that said that he longed only for peace. And when he saw the Abbot, he first spoke, 'Sir, I would be one of you. Once I was Launcelot of the Lake.' And the Holy Father only said, 'Brother, you shall be of us.' But I, who was not so very long from the great world, I and Brother Anselm, and more than one other, looked on him astonished, and wondered that Lord Launcelot should be here. But I thought long on this, and before we heard aught from the court I knew to myself that that was so which was so . . . .

but a Lay Brother, and when the Holy Father, all unknowing, set him to mean tasks, and often rudely buffeted him, he said no word, but bowed his head, and bit upon his lips. He was

the meekest of us, he who was once the proudest of the great King's knights, and who was even now, as then, that peerless noble, Lord Launcelot of the Lake . . . . but often he prayed the whole night through in his tiny cell, and oftener he sat all lost in thought, until the Holy Father set upon him . . . . . .

but Leir strove with Locrine, and Locrine with Leir, and Brutus harried the lands of both. And many little kinglets rose swift into great power, and fell the swifter from it. And men lived only for the hour—they were sure of no more—and to kill before they were killed. And during all the time the heathen raved, and they wasted wide along the shore, and ravaged inland. The Abbey stands far inland, and long it . . . . Lethrung the son of Eric passed it by, and all was quiet until Johrtur the Bloody came. Long, long before his coming messengers came, bearing . . . . but days passed, and the people came back from the forest strongholds and thought that again the bloody Dane had passed them by . . . .

. . . . heathen came at dawn. And we of the Abbey were awakened by the cries of the people. I who was at the gate, opened to two or three, but then the heathen would have entered too, and I must close the gates in the very faces of helpless women, and of weak old men. We of the Abbey were safe enough, for the heathen could have carried Camelot of old before they could have beaten down our walls. But Mother of God. the poor people in the village below . . . . on the southern wall I found Lord Launcelot, and on his face was a look that had not been on it since the great gates closed behind him first. Together we watched the slaughter, and he grew sick with the horror of it, and I was the sicker of us two. The men of the little village died bravely, fighting against the great strength of the Danes, and the women died too, somewhat later. But the little ones they spitted three on a long sword, and laughed to see them die. Lord Launcelot

ground his teeth, and I turned away . . . . . few houses, only two or three, held bravely out, and I would fain have helped them. Now even as I looked the heathen rushed the house of Thom the Smith, and Thom died in his doorway, and his son on the flat roof, but his fair daughter, whom I had often marked from the Abbey walls, they . Then I cried out, and in my madness would have leapt below, for I was mad for blood, but Lord Launcelot held me from it, saying, 'Come with me.' And he led the way to the Holy Father's chamber . . . . but the Holy Father, though God knows the Abbey was safe enow, was in an agony of fear. He cried aloud, 'No, no I say, I forbid you to go out—the Abbey might be weakened—the heathen might storm it-you could not aid the people.' Then I knew Launcelot for a knight. He said no word, but he struck the coward down. Then he went down, and I followed, and he, a Lay Brother, called the Brothers together in the great hall, and they came. Now . . but Brother Anselm, and I, and some score others, who had else in life than fasting, and prayer, and lamentation, spoke up and said that we would sally out with him. In the stables there were horses enow, and we found many a stout leather jerkin in the dim cellar, and steel caps, and when all the long swords were picked the rest of us took stout flails to beat the heathen back. And we went down to meet the hell-hounds. And they too had the blood lust on them, and they came gladly to meet us, great, half-naked men with long swords and shields. very many of my comrades went down, for they were not lusty men, though the spirit of God was with them, but the armour-clad Launcelot went through the heathen masses like a bull through the rushes, and I followed close behind on the Holy Father's pacing palfrey, that had never felt the spur before. And Launcelot turned again upon them. But now his charger stumbled in the melée, and a dozen closed around us, and Launcelot of the Lake was down. In a moment he was up again, but Johrtur the Bloody swung a coward's

blow at his head and had I not taken it on my shoulder, Launcelot must have died. Then of a sudden all that I saw was dark

and there was a great pain in my shoulder, and my head spun, as it had spun once before, when I slept three long nights of penance with a stone for a pillow. And over me was sprawled the great, steel-clad bulk of Lord Launcelot of the Lake, and his back covered my bleeding face. Out of the very corner of my eye I saw them stripping the bodies of my Brothers, and I thought vaguely, 'My turn next.' And I shuddered as I thought of the maiden, and the little babies, and the old man whom they had tortured in my sight. But when they touched the gleaming armour of Launcelot, who lay above me, there sounded the deep tones of Johrtur the Bloody, 'This was a man, a warrior. Let him be.' And fearing him, they went away. Then Johrtur the Bloody, the merciless, leant on his great hilted sword. And first he looked at his followers lying dead about him, and then at the face of he who had been Launcelot. And he murmured, 'A man, a true By the Hammer of Thor, but he was a man. Knight, we meet again in glorious Valhalla, the home of heroes. And may the Gods grant me but such a death.' Then he went away to war and rapine. . . . . At dusk, long after the Danes had gone, my Brothers brought me in the Abbey, for I alone lived. And when I was whole once more, the Holy Father spoke harshly to me of my disobedience and . . . . . But what cared I, what cared I, who had fought with Launcelot, for the reproofs of . . . . . . . . . . , ,

I showed this to the Bishop the other day; the Bishop is the most prosaic of men. He read it through, very carefully, and I heard him sighing softly, "There has passed away a glory—."

J. N. Greely.

#### CONNLA AND THE FAIRY MAIDEN.

Breasting out seaward grim and stark
The crags of Usna rise:
Beneath them stood a cromlech dark
With Druid sacrifice.

There Connla, son of Erin's lord, Stood at the mouth of night, Lingering to hear the Druid Ord Sing of his fathers' might.

"Thus Connla," closed the Druid's song,
"Our hopes lie in the son:
The king is old, his foes are strong—
Thou, Connla, art the one."

A keel rasped lightly on the shale— They turned: there stood a maid Fragile as lily of the vale Half seen, half hid by shade.

Wild yearning glowed in Connla's breast— He asked her whence she came— She answered, and her voice caressed And lingered o'er his name.

"Connla, I come from o'er the sea
Beyond the sunset glow—
Oh Connla, come and share with me
Joy mortals may not know.

"Come where the heathered hills roll down
To glens with drowsy streams,
Where neither death nor sin are known—
Come to the Land of Dreams:

"In my curach swift as the waves are swift, Crystal as evening sky, Come to the land where cool winds drift— Come, for the dark is nigh."

Then Connla felt his wild pulse throb, And Ord stretched forth his arms, Chanting sonorous spells to rob The power from the Elf-maid's charms.

But Connla saw the maiden's eyes, And from that moment all Seemed shadows cast by hazy skies And he, the Elf-maid's thrall.

Ord stood alone, the reddened sea Flattened the sun's bright rim— Far west the curach speeding free Gleamed shadowy and dim.

E. Vine Stoddard, Jr.

#### THE PROSE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE place which James Russell Lowell occupies in American Literature is unique. While it is impossible to bracket and classify authors, so that the division never overlaps, yet there can be assigned to Lowell a place distinctively Lowell is, more than anything else, the first American man of letters. Irving was but the continuation of the English essayists upon a new soil. The Sketch Book, his most widely read work, deals mainly with things old in English tradition. He is not strictly indigenous, nor has he a national distinction. With Poe and Hawthorne also, there is no marked Americanism. The American man of letters must produce work not only of literary merit which is distinctive of something new, but also which is characteristic of our own country. Poe, although he foreshadowed many striking literary changes, left no following here and in his works there is nothing savoring of nationality. are all indefinitely located. But the impulse of his originality was moving on and Hawthorne is in this respect an Early New England will never be forgotten, as it is embodied in his pages. The spirit of Americanism begins to breathe, but as yet it is only New England and not America.

Lowell was, from the first, preëminently an American citizen. What is meant as Americanism need not be followed out at length. But there are two things which have produced for us a national individuality and produced characteristics which are wanting in England and upon the Continent. That is, Puritanism and the influence of the idea of human freedom, namely, the freedom, liberty and equality of the French Revolution. These influences form a basic part of American character. They inspired Lowell's whole life. He sought always to vindicate these American principles and to free Americans from their self-distrust when

comparing themselves with European nations. He always endeavored to show them that their country was more than "a place to eat and to trade in." It was displeasing to him that his countrymen should feel at a disadvantage before the Old World; to overrate the comments of foreign travelers upon our people or to feel subservient to the opinions of the European press upon our literature. If the old sneer, "Who ever reads an American book?" is no longer true, it is due in no small degree to Lowell.

Lowell is not, in any branch, supreme in American letters. Both his verse and his prose gave opulent promise in his youth which was never quite fulfilled. His poetry, although containing some exquisite verses, is never equal to Longfellow. And his most ambitious attempt, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," only succeeds in making nature into pretty literary phrases. It is not in the distinctly creative line that his value lies. The period of the New England Renaissance had reached the limits of Transcendentalism. The zeal with which the adherents of the new mental and moral anarchism pursued their object, had an aspect not lacking in humor. Reform in this degree of development is worse than nothing. Then, too, the scientific research spirit was abroad. is dangerously fascinating when its realms are newly opened to one's sphere and one is inclined to lose sight of the classic peaks. A literal obedience to facts is liable to extinguish that spark within us, which makes us truly men. The proper study for man was no longer man, but physical science. Tyndall was in the height of his discoveries. Men were too busy weighing the earth or probing the stellar universe, to see the humanity of man. It was against this hard literalness that Lowell strove. It was a time of mental asceticism and in the New England Renaissance he is the new Petrarch that keeps the development of learning humane.

But such a position can be held only by one who possesses broad scholarship based upon the classical humanities and a sympathetic understanding of his own time. Lowell's development was slow and his eminence came late in life. In

1854 he succeeded Longfellow in the Smith professorship in Harvard College, when he lectured on Dante and on German and Spanish literature. The effect of these years of professional labor were marked upon Lowell. Earlier he had been interested in the Anti-slavery movement and busy with his study of American authors which resulted in his "Fable for Critics." But his new work led him out from this provincial narrowness, to a view of the world's masterpieces of thought. Such authors as Dante, Spenser and even Shakespeare, at that period, appeared as fresh and enjoyable as the Greek classics had to the scholars of the fifteenth century. The name of Dante was then as unknown to Americans as the Abraham a Santa Clara of Lowell's paper on Thoreau is to us. Lowell's essay on Dante was one of the first works upon an author who has been the subject of innumerable Although in the light of later and more papers since. acquainted criticism his essay has become of less value, it is a beautiful work of art and helps us to a larger and more helpful view of life.

His writings had a wide range. He treated authors from Chaucer to the time of Wordsworth. The foundation for this broad knowledge and observation of life was begun in his youth. In the volume of his early prose, we find his papers on the Old English Dramatists. They are interesting, as they show characteristics which were always expressive of him and which are a part of his temperament. They only serve to confirm the impressions we draw from his more mature work.

We must always keep in view that Lowell's temperament was peculiar. It was pointed out that his eminence came late in life. This was because he had to conquer slowly these peculiarities of temperament. He said of himself that he had within him a mingling of two inharmonious elements, mysticism and humor. The aspect of life as he saw it, both in books and in men about him, seemed deeply serious; yet as he reconsidered it, it appeared even in its profoundly serious features, absurd. These two moods flash alternately

through his brain and reflect themselves in his writings. Even his more pretentious work is not free from this; he will suddenly express himself in a firework sentence which sometimes strikes one rudely. He takes delight in these incongruities. His elastic and ebullient nature could not be restrained from breaking out in flashes of wit and epigram that overflow all his pages. Lowell had in reality a profoundly deep nature, but so paradoxical and incongruous withal, that his expression had to be developed and freed from the influences to which his impulsive and whimsical temperament exposed him.

Lowell perhaps never completely subordinated his mood. His words on Dryden are expressive of his own nature: "He reminds one of a boiling spring. There is tumult, concussion and no little vapor; but there is force." In great prose such as Milton's or Webster's, there is a weighty advance of mass, a surcharging of matter which flows like the irresistible lava from a crater. Lowell too often threw out from his brain, matter not molten in the heart of his mind, but rocks, unmelted and fragmentary. His materials are never fused. Thus his writings are a series of flashes, scintillations and spirts of improvisation and wit rather than a steady glow of inspiration. This is perhaps what Poe criticised as his "disjointedness." His temperament makes his pages sparkle with epigram and illusions which are never completely woven into the woof of his material or dved to its color. This tendency grew more rapidly than did his grasp of words or sense of proportion. In his early writings there is that grace and lightness which were always expressive of him; but as he grew in dexterity of phrase or flexibility, he never attained that "grave exhilaration" common to great prose.

His faculties found a freer play in criticism. He could never move easily in the shackles of verse, but in the freedom of prose his nature was at its best. His critical essays are the most valuable part of his works. This criticism has value because it is imaginative and creative in itself. Lowell looked at literature as a poet views nature. The latter tells us of the blue mountains, the quiet starlight, etc. But he does not mention the dimensions of the peaks or the mathematical formula of the star's distance. He records simply the impressions made upon his imagination by these objects; he reproduces what we all feel, but cannot express. So Lowell, with his keen and broad sympathy and with an insight for the suggestions of deeper meaning, was able to see with a poet's eyes the visions of others. Lowell wrote, "whoever can express himself with the full force of unconscious sincerity, will be found to have uttered something ideal and universal." He sought to express himself through the medium of criticism. Thus to him his critical essays are a means and not an end.

It is his native humor and vivacity that makes him the most charming of American authors. He saw life in its lighter aspects also. Perhaps as no other, he was able to grasp the whole import of life and consequently he saw more the inner life of man and its importance over the external side. He realized of how much more dire consequence inward impurity was than mere external faults, and how the real character of man was determined by this inner life. So he was more ready to trifle with human shortcomings that were merely superficial. It is all these things together that make Lowell's work of lasting merit. "Literary" and rhetorical as you feel these essays to be, you have over all a conscious knowledge that this man knew life and had a broad human sympathy.

This human sympathy, to which the name "humanism" is sometimes applied, sums up the value of Lowell's whole life. In an age inclining to scientific ideals and to scepticism, he is our one humanist. During his life he was gradually freeing himself from the narrowness of Puritanism, rising above theories or the advocacy of any party or theory, lest he should lose sight of his mission, to cheer, instruct and to elevate humanity. As Longfellow was the poet of the new Renaissance and Hawthorne its artist, so was Lowell its great humanist.

W. F. Peter, Jr.

#### AT THE SHRINE OF SAINT AGNES.

P through the white dust of the Via Santa Fiora two men toiled. Their eyes turned eagerly toward the crest of the ridge before them where the cool green foliage of the chestnuts was sharply silhouetted against the evening sky. Behind and below them lay the Campagna, across which the gray shadows of the hills had already begun to creep.

"Look, Padre," the younger of the two cried suddenly, and stooping picked up something from the dust of the road.

It was a lamp—a tiny silver lamp, bent and crushed until the delicate repoussé work which had once decorated it so bravely was scarcely distinguishable. The priest looked at it for a moment, then his gaze sought a little shrine perched high up among the rocks beside the roadway. "Poor Saint Agnes!" he said gently. "Your shrine will no longer be lighted—unless—" but his sentence remained unfinished.

The other continued studying the lamp.

"Signor Francis," the priest questioned, "have you ever prayed to St. Agnes?"

"I have never prayed to any saint," Francis said laconically."

"That is because you are English and-"

"A heretic," the other supplied, smiling.

"But still she would listen to you," the priest suggested, "because," and he paused just a moment, "she knows you are in love."

"Padre!" Francis cried, turning on him quickly, "you have no right—" He met the kindly gray eyes of the priest squarely—yet he hesitated.

"Perhaps not."

There was no note of rebuke in the low, even tone of the priest, yet Francis fell to shifting the little lamp from one great hand to the other uneasily. "I could never make her

love me—not even if the whole calendar of saints were on my side," he began aggressively.

"And that is why you have never tried"—the priest's eyebrows were raised quizzically.

"She is a great lady and I"—there was still a challenge in the voice of the other—"am a very humble sort of person."

"Yes," the priest admitted.

"And she cares for men who have done something worth while—you have heard her say so a thousand times at the villa and yet you ask why she cannot love me." The big, awkward hands closed almost fiercely over the bit of crushed silver. "I argued it all out a long time ago—I saw from the first she never could care." There was no hint of challenge now and his sentence came in little jerks. "It would only be hard for her to make me see what a fool I was. I tried to keep out of the way—and—"

The priest laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Suppose," he said gently, "you were mistaken when you judged yourself."

Francis looked at him wonderingly. Quite suddenly his grasp on the lamp relaxed and he felt a twinge of pain in his hand.

"Have you ever argued it out again?"

"No," he answered simply.

There was a pause, during which Francis walked backwards and forwards, looking out over the silver green olive groves and the dusky vineyards that stretched away, slope after slope, to the Campagna and the long line of the shining west beyond. To the northward he could see Rome like a pale phantom, its spires and domes rising from a confused mass of house tops into the red summer sunshine. Above the city and the plain the sky was already aflame with the approaching sunset.

The priest watched him musingly. "Signor," he began at length, "are you quite convinced that we all hold the same things worth while?"

The other did not reply.

"Are you so certain of the standards by which she judges men that you make it your right rather than hers to say, 'You are unworthy!"

Francis looked at the priest curiously. "I don't think I have ever thought of it in quite that way," he confessed, vindictively kicking a little mound of dust that he had scraped together between his thick walking boots, and watching the chalk-like powder as, caught by some eddying breath of wind, it swirled away, "but still there is her rank."

"Will that stand in the way if she loves you?"

"And my lot has been such a commonplace one," Francis still objected. "I haven't even courage to hope that some day I could pull myself together and be worthy of her."

"She must decide that herself." The priest spoke with insistent conviction.

"Perhaps I have been wrong," the other said; "I will try to think it all out again. Leave me now—I will come to the villa afterward."

He began walking to and fro again, his eyes bent on the tiny dust furrows in the road before him. The priest watched for a moment—there was something almost saintly in his smile. "Don't forget St. Agnes," he said as he turned and walked slowly up the hill.

Could it all have been a mistake, Francis wondered in a bewildered sort of way. After all, was it not her right to know and to judge? A great wave of hope surged up in him, sweeping away the old doubts. He paused in his excited pacing and looked at the shrine and a great clump of glossy leaved myrtle that had taken root in the scanty soil behind it. "St. Agnes," he began gravely, still looking at the faded bit of canvas with its fringe of tarnished silver trinkets, and awkwardly striving to set his prayer in appropriate words, "grant that it is not altogether vain to hope, and I vow that before next St. Stephen's day a new silver lamp will hang before your shrine, such as never has been seen in all Altari."

Yet even as he finished his little prayer the new hope wavered. He sought to believe in himself, to feel the comfort of

the priest's homely logic, yet one by one the old barriers rose and he knew they were not for him to surmount. It seemed hard to relinquish her now that she seemed a little nearer and he felt that the old ways of thought were very dreary. As he turned slowly to the road he dropped the lamp into the white dust again.

He took a few steps disconsolately. "No, St. Agnes," he said, looking back at the shrine, "you can't—" but just here his sentence broke off and he stood confused and bewildered. Someone—a girl—was looking down at him through the parted branches of the myrtle bushes. "Marion!" he cried.

She started, but it was too late to retreat. She tucked back a stray lock that the wind had blown across her face, and smiled down at him a little nervously. Francis saw she was blushing.

"Did Saint Agnes send you?" he said at length in a hushed voice, scarcely knowing what he said.

"No," she laughed, "I was painting,—I have been here a long time. I thought you were going, and—"

"And you heard all we said?" he faltered, his eyes again on the tiny dust furrows of the road. He remembered wishing he had something to do with his hands.

"Yes."

"And you are not angry—with either of us?" he questioned, wonderingly.

"No."

She had come out on a little ledge, to which the gray shadows had slowly crept. The sunset flushed her face and reddened the long folds of her gown as she stood there, her back to the dark myrtles. Stuart had never known how beautiful she was. "Is it altogether vain to hope?" he asked at last, awed by his own boldness.

"Why not try," she answered. There was something in her voice that set his heart to leaping. "What fun it would be to see you hanging your silver lamp—such as has never been seen in all Altari," and she laughed merrily.

H. C. Dangler.

#### NOTABILIA.

Considerable uncertainty must always be attached to forecasts of the results of any such changes as those made in the Academic entrance examinations; in 1903 partially, and wholly in 1904. However, it seems extremely probable that one result will be a certain increase in the size of Freshman classes. Along with this, if the present conditions of Freshman life remain unchanged, we may expect an increased decentralization of the classes for the simple reason that the larger the class, the surer it is to split into small cliques. At the same time, unless the present bonds between the Freshman and the other classes are increased in number, and strengthened in proportion to the growth in classes, its isolation must become greater. It is this intensifying of these problems which may work their solution. Intensified, they must be faced; and, once faced, they are sure to be in some measure solved. If the result of changed entrance requirements is to be larger classes, we may hope to see their solution in the near future.

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There are commonly rifts within the lute of most pleasures, and our satisfaction in some of our recent victories is no exception. A very efficient rift was supplied by protests from Harvard and Princeton. Whatever are the decisions in regard to these protests, we have the pleasure of knowing that they were not, and could not, be directed at the fairness, sportsmanship, or good faith of the Yale teams and their managements. In some supersensitive quarters there is a disposition to consider every such occurrence an indictment of college athletics, and (almost) a charge against every member of the contesting teams. Should these protests receive prolonged attention it should be worth one's while to watch the vibrations of the supersensitive nerves.

A. G.

#### PORTFOLIO.

——In the joyous kingdom of Terre-du-Midi, the land of mirth and sunshine, there was born, long ago, a child. Félix was he called at his baptism, and when he grew to be a comely youth with a laugh ever upon his lips, and a song in his heart, those who knew him added "le Gai" to his name.

Now the people of Terre-du-Midi were ever a light-hearted race. Gay as the butterfly, noisy as the cicada, they danced, and chattered, and sang away their lives. And Félix was the gayest and the noisiest of them all; he could outdance a half-score of maidens, outchatter any three of the shrillest market-wives in the realm; and when he took his lute and sang, then would come a hush over the maddest merriment. For there was no sweeter voice in all the land.

And many were the songs that he wrote,—songs of love, and songs of war. And since the songs, as well as the singing, pleased the people well, they spread through the realm and carried with them the fame of Félix le Gai.

At length with the sudden, causeless impetuosity of the South, Félix repented of his idle life, entered a monastery, and became a monk. There none told their beads more faithfully, none fasted more zealously, none chanted more fervently, than did Félix. And so for his piety he was advanced by his order until he became their Abbot; and well and firmly did he guide his peaceful flock, and lived his own life as simply as the meanest of his monks. So Félix le Gai became Félix le Saint.

At length it chanced that as the now gray-haired Abbot was busy one day at his devotions in his bare cell, a wandering troubadour passed by in the street below, twanging his lute and singing a tender love-song. And the strains drifted in through the open casement; and the song was one of Félix's own, a serenade written years ago to a maiden, who had heard and smiled,—and loved another. And all those gay frivolous years of his youth passed before Félix, accusing him, so that in an agony of mortification and repentance he imposed upon himself the heaviest penances, to cleanse him of his sins. Hour after

hour no sound came from his cell but muttered prayers, mingled with the fearful hiss and thud of the scourge. When at last these sounds ceased, and the terror-stricken monks ventured into his chamber, they found Félix dead. And the report of this terrible penance and his marvelous piety spread through the land, and carried with it the fame of Félix le Saint.

Years passed, and the kingdom of mirth and sunshine was involved in war with a strong and powerful neighbor. Many were the battles and sieges that took place, but at the end of each campaign the iron net, spread by the war-like foe, hemmed in the sunny land more closely. The volatile southerners, formerly so carefree, were now in an extremity of despair. They were weary of this hopeless fighting, terrified lest these stern northerners should seize all their olive-groves and vineyards,—nay, even make them slaves. Seeing no hope on earth, they looked to heaven; and day and night the abbey where the good Félix had died was thronged with a praying multitude. But no help was granted.

Then a strange thing came to pass. None knew whence it started, but an old war-song, written long ago, men said, by a certain troubadour, Félix le Gai, and smouldering ever since in the hearts of the people, burst into flame, and its strong, martial patriotism swept over the land, kindling the souls of all. There was one wild rush upon the enemy; a swift and glorious victory; the shattered fragments of the northern armies made a precipitate retreat. And the land of mirth and sunshine was saved.

And to-day if you chance to visit this peaceful land, you will find only blank faces if you ask concerning one Félix le Saint, but mention the name of Félix le Gai, and the very children in the streets will call down the blessings of Heaven on the memory of that good and pious man.

Donald Bruce.

"Ben Selim the tempest bore away, and all his household with him."—Arabian Folk-lore.

——The Afrit separated himself from the shadow of a great black storm-cloud far in the east and swept down over the fragrant green gardens of Ben Selim. And THE AFRIT. as he flew low, he saw beneath him in a fair pavilion decked with vines and rich with sandalwood and tapestry, the lord of the garden himself, a true son of the Prophet, praying towards Mecca with great fervor and gesticulation. The Afrit's errand was with this man, so he settled down among the great cedars near by, sheathed his scaly wings and his shining claws, drew his cloak of clouds about him, and waited. Presently Zahdee, fairest of the wives of Selim, unveiled and unattended, ran lightly up the path with a swish of rich yellow silk and a tap-tap of tiny red slippers, and joined her lord just as he finished his devotions. licked his lips and grinned maliciously, with a great show of tusks.

"O Sun of the Morning," began Zahdee, with a deep reverence, "Heber the scribe would know whether it is thy wish that Heshun-al-Ruhd be bidden to thy feast."

"If Allah wills, my fairest and best," replied her lord, drawing her to a seat beside him. "For thou knowest that this dog Heshun hath the ear of the magistrate Hafiz, to whom I owe a hundred pieces of gold. And all that is mine must needs be his until Allah softens his heart and he forgives me all."

The Afrit's grin broadened and, fiend-like, he ground his teeth with wicked joy. Still he waited, not satisfied.

"The magistrate Hafiz!" said Zahdee, slowly, tapping her foot on the floor and caressing thoughtfully the silky beard of Ben Selim. "Ah, I know one whom thou wouldst do well to call to thy feast. For oftentimes have I heard it said that Hafiz loves none so well as Mahmoud, the son of Izah, and that he can refuse the young man nothing."

"Allah is good!" cried Selim, delighted, "for he gave me Zahdee!"

The Afrit's grin threatened his ears. For he had seen many greetings exchanged between the handsome son of Izah and the wife of Ben Selim, but never one between the youth and the magistrate Hafiz. "Behold!" he cried in a roaring voice to the

Giaours, the little brown devils of the pit, who were peering over the mountain ridges afar off, to watch him, "the man, with Allah's name on his lips, would cozen a friend into cheating a friend, and the woman, full of endearments, would betray a husband into admitting a lover. Are they not both ours by the Contract?" And the little Giaours danced and chattered joyfully, "Yai! Yai!"

Ben Selim and Zahdee, bewildered by the thunder that rolled across the sky to the mountains and back again, and by the great joy-light that flashed so near from the eyes of the exultant fiend, threw themselves on their faces, trembling with fear. In her utter terror, Zahdee screamed; Selim, in agony, cried out to Allah and Mohammed to deliver them, and vowed great pilgrimages to Mecca in return for safety; but to no avail. The relentless Afrit, all rage and black smoke, panting fire and clawing the air with iron talons, darted down upon them. With echoing roars and howls, he seized them and their whole habitation in his scaly arms, and swept them off in his rumbling black chariot of clouds to the great Cave of the Underworld. There the little Giaours heaped high the fires, and dealt with them according to the Contract. And the Afrit brooded over it all, grinning.

J. L. Houghteling, Jr.

—Mademoiselle kept her dignity, if not her temper, until the door had closed behind the haughty dame with her saucy

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGIN-NING—. maid—then she sank to the floor in a miserable little heap. "They are banal," she sobbed. Americans were all the same. They could not see beauty in anything unless it were pointed out to them. They would go into

raptures over the hats in La Mains' big show-window, but even prettier hats in a bare room seemed "horrid" to them. Unquestionably her work was better than any in La Main's—or in all New York, for that matter. But she could never become known.

She was dangerously near to despair; tears—but then she

smothered them with a pretty linen square of about three inches breadth. What could she ever do in this fourth-floor room, whose existence was advertised to the passing crowd only by a placard "Mademoiselle Clare," and a little glass case containing a single hat—both of which were down in the lower stairway? If she could but become known, that would be all that was necessary. And her eyes rested lovingly on the rows (short ones, they were) of finished hats with their airy clouds of chiffon and lace in delicate tints—incomparable, marvelous.

She sat down near the one window of her room and took up a nearly-finished hat, patting the ribbons deftly. For she was a true artist and neglected no detail. Every bow must have its proper angle, every flower its natural droop, and in the absorption of her work, her smiles came out and dried the few lingering tears.

The hat finished, she put it on her dark-crowned head, tilting it coquettishly and looked into the mirror—with a little vanity, it must be confessed. She was not unconscious of her prettiness. She knew, as well as anyone, that a brighter pair of eyes or a more piquant little nose or a more adorable little chin never saw the sun of France or the fog of America. Unfortunately there was no one else to admire. If Louis were only there. But he was far off in old Marseilles. Why had she refused to marry him and left her home for this barbarous country where no one appreciated beauty or art? Louis was rich—ah, that was just the reason. She was poor and independent. So she had come to America, where her skill had promised success and fame, which promise was as far as ever from fulfillment.

A knock on the door startled her from the reverie. Only the postman. Who could have written to her? With a flash of eagerness mademoiselle tore open the envelope. It was from La Main & Co. They had seen her work and admired it, and they offered her a position as designer, at a salary which seemed almost royal. At four o'clock their representative would come for an answer. It was now three o'clock; in an hour she would leave the employ of Mademoiselle Clare and enter that of La Main. Like a school-girl she clambered up on the table and peered into the mirror again. It was a happy face that greeted her there, a face with pink cheeks and scarlet lips with

the white showing between. She laughed gaily, not knowing just why.

At that moment she heard steps on the staircase without. A customer, probably, since luck does not come singly. But before she could jump down from her undignified perch, the door opened and a brown, handsome face appeared.

"Petite," called a rich tenor voice, and the owner stepped inside the little shop. "Louis," cried mademoiselle gladly, starting to climb off the table. The gallant saved her the trouble. But instead of setting her on the floor, he held her close to himself and whispered something in her ear. "Tu as l'avantage," she laughed. And when the representative of La Main & Co. appeared, Mademoiselle Clare rested her hand in Louis' brown palm and gave as her answer, "I can not accep. I haf a previoos engagement."

G. B. Hotchkiss.

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#### MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

#### The Sheffield Fraternities

On May 8 and 9, announced elections as follows:

Delta Phi—George Garretson Wade, 1904 S.; David McKee Morris, 1905 S.

Chi Phi-Richard Cary Morse, Jr., 1904 S.

#### The Sophomore Class

On May 8, elected as Fence Orator Frame Clemens Brown of Columbus, O.

#### The Track Team

On May 9, won the dual meet with Princeton at Princeton, by a score of 75 points to 29.

#### The Second University Eight

On May 9, defeated Annapolis over a two-mile course on the river Severn, in the record time of 10 minutes 45 seconds.

The Yale Interscholastic Tennis Tournament

On May 9, was won by R. E. Alling of the Hopkins Grammar School.

#### The University Club

On May 11, elected as officers for the following year: J. B. Huff, 1904, President; E. P. Rogers, 1905, Secretary; E. S. Whitehouse, 1905, Treasurer; Buell Hollister, 1905, Assistant Treasurer.

#### The Yale Dramatic Association

On May 13, elected the following officers: Edgar Munson, 1904, President; Buell Hollister, 1905, Vice President; E. S. Hartwell, 1904, Secretary; F. C. Brown, 1905, Treasurer; G. W. Adams, 1904, Manager.

#### The Scott Prize in French

Was awarded May 16 to Otis Munro Bigelow, 1904.

#### The Annual Spring Regatta

Was held May 16, at Lake Whitney, the Freshman Crew winning the Class championship.

#### The Second Annual Yale Interscholastic Meet

Held at the Field May 16, resulted in a victory for Mercersburg Academy.

#### The University Glee Club

On May 19, elected Frederick Holme Wiggin, Jr., 1904, President, and Hamilton Baxter, 1905, Recorder.

#### The University Golf Championship

Was won May 20, by P. H. Jennings, 1904.

#### The Senior Society Elections

Were given out May 21, as follows:

#### SKULL AND BONES.

L. P. Reed.
J. E. Miller.
F. T. Dodge.
F. H. Wiggin.
R. Cheney.
P. H. Jennings.
J. C. Kittle.
C. E. Adams.
W. M. Crane.
F. E. Pierce.
H. G. Metcalf.
W. S. Cross.
W. B. Soper.

#### SCROLL AND KEY.

G. S. Munson.
J. F. Byers.
J. Wilson.
N. S. Campbell.
J. C. Brady.
A. H. Olmsted.
E. W. Clucas.
W. L. Mitchell.
D. Boies.
G. E. Parks.
F. Brown, Jr.
B. Winslow.
M. Goetchius.

#### WOLF'S HEAD.

F. C. Baldwin.	T. L. Jefferson, Jr.
J. E. Woodruff.	J. L. Gray.
H. Drummond.	W. B. Ely.
A. Havemeyer.	F. W. Glazier.
J. H. Brewster.	L. H. Arnold, Jr.
G. A. Mohlman.	C. S. Ney.
J. A. Moorhead.	E. Munson, 2d.
G. T. Lane.	

An election to Skull and Bones was refused by G. S. Munson, one to Wolf's Head by W. B. Soper.

#### The Eleventh Annual Dual Track Meet

With Harvard, held at the Field May 23, was won by Yale. Score: Yale, 58; Harvard, 46.

#### The Freshman Crew

On May 23, defeated the Springfield High School on the Connecticut River, over a course of a mile and a half.

#### Mr. Ben Greet and the Woodland Players

On May 25, under the auspices of the Yale Dramatic Association, gave open-air performances, at the New Haven Lawn Club, of Shakespeare's comedies, "As You Like It," in the afternoon and "The Comedy of Errors" in the evening.

#### The Centenary of Ralph Waldo Emerson

Was held May 25, under the auspices of the Pundit Club. Professor Phelps was the Anniversary Speaker. An original poem was read by F. E. Pierce, 1904. R. L. Black, 1903, presided.

#### The Sheffield Societies

On May 27, announced elections as follows:

#### BERZELIUS.

R. T. Bailey.	H. Dickenson.
G. M. Brown.	H. T. Muzzy.
K. M. Cressler.	H. N. Scott.
E. M. Dalley.	C. H. Scribner.
I. G. Darragh.	H. M. Zehnder.

#### BOOK AND SNAKE.

M. H. Behr.	R. Havemeyer.
S. H. Carter.	R. P. Kinney.
B. Cartwright, Jr.	E. McE. Lewis.
J. D. Comer.	J. F. Maynard, Jr.
J. C. Dilworth.	J. E. Owsley.
F. B. Ewing.	J. C. Rathborne.
D. Gibbons.	A. M. Shook.
K. P. Grant.	J. I. Simmons.
J. W. Hagar.	J. E. Washington, Jr
D. G. Harvey.	

#### The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club Association

On May 28, elected officers as follows: Charles Edward Adams, 1904, Manager; Edwin Sheldon Whitehouse, 1905, Assistant Manager.

#### The Sheffield Debating Society

On May 28, elected the following officers: President, R. S. Binkerd, 1904 S.; Vice President, J. B. Naething, 1904 S.; Secretary and Treasurer, H. Shepard, 1904 S.

#### The Pundit Club

On May 29, announced elections from 1904 as follows: Chauncey Shafter Goodrich, Alexander Gordon, Lawrence Mason, Frederick Erastus Pierce.

#### The University Tennis Championship

Was won May 29, by H. A. Plummer, 1903.

#### The Townsend Premiums

In the Class of 1903 were awarded May 30, to the following: A. C. Bragaw, H. T. Clark, J. Fairbanks, D. M. Moffat, H. S. Root, D. B. Updegraff.

#### The John Hubbard Curtis Prize

Was announced May 30, as divided between Pemberton Berman, 1903, and Frederick Erastus Pierce, 1904.

#### Officers of the University Navy

Were elected May 29, as follows: Frank Talmage Dodge, 1904, President; Thomas Blagden, 1904 S., Vice President; Henry Augustine Raymond, 1905, Secretary.

#### Memorial Day

Was observed with services in Battell Chapel, President Hadley presiding. An address was delivered by the Rev. Newman Smyth.

The Twenty-Eighth Annual Intercollegiate Track Meet

Held at Berkeley Oval May 29 and 30, was won by Yale, scoring 41½ points to Harvard's 41. The other colleges scored as follows: Cornell, 16; Princeton, 11½; Syracuse, 11; Amherst, 9; Georgetown, 8; Pennsylvania, 3; Williams, 2.

The Anniversary of the School of Fine Arts

Was celebrated June 1. Mr. Howard Pyle delivered an address.

#### The Elihu Club

On June 3, announced the following elections from the Class of 1904: Arthur Williams Allen, Edwin Clapp, Edward Chappell Ely, Thomas Robert Gaines, Chauncey Shafter Goodrich, Harry Thomas Hamilton, Charles Simonton McCain, Carleton Shaw, Henry Hamlin Stebbins, Jr., George Frederick Vietor, Jr., Paul Bessal Welles.

#### Baseball Scores

May 8-Yale 8, Exeter 3.

8-Yale 6, Andover 1.

9-Yale 3, Brown 5.

13-Yale 6, West Virginia 1.

16—Yale o, Holy Cross 3.

20-Yale 10, Lafayette 3.

23—Yale o, Brown 7.

25—Yale 9, Georgetown o.

30-Yale 2, Princeton 1.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

Red-Headed Gill. By Rye Owen. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

The occult has been most zealously and tenaciously believed in by two races, separated from each other by half the circumference of the globe, and in character widely apart. For centuries the Hindus have sought the scientific bases of psychic phenomena, and although the occidentals take considerable salt with their professions of hidden knowledge, evidence forces upon us the belief that they know far more about that side of life than we ever can hope to. On the other hand, the Welsh, Irish and Scotch are probably more susceptible to hypnotic influences than any other people in the world. Many authors have treated the almost supernatural powers of the Hindu priests in a more or less imaginative manner; many more have found their literary capital in the predisposition of the Celtic races to belief in second sight and other sorts of magic, black and white. But, to the best of our knowledge, these two complementary characteristics of these races have never been brought into juxtaposition in any book.

The uncanny influence of a piece of East Indian silk forces Barbara Trehanna, a Cornish gentlewoman, to live over again the life of an Elizabethan ancestress of hers, Gill Red-Head by name, to whom she bears an extraordinary resemblance. Any such mysticism is, in these days, daring in the extreme, and runs a great risk of being laughed into limbo. To succeed in choking off ridicule before it has begun, and almost in persuading us that the weird events described in this book are not utterly beyond the bounds of possibility, is no mean achievement.

But besides accomplishing this feat, Rye Owen has created in Barbara a character, clear cut and definite from the beginning, of a healthy humor in spite of her strange experiences, and at all times realistic in the best sense of the word. Michael Trehanna, her second cousin and husband, is more than seven different kinds of a fool at first, but braces up, and in the end becomes quite human and attractive.

Red-Headed Gill is interesting because it is a little out of the ordinary. In details of style it sometimes falls below par, but the criticism of details is an abomination before the Lord.

Tito. By William Henry Carson. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston.

Tito has a great many conspicuous faults, chief among which is the conventionality of certain characters and phases of the plot. There are the typical stock characters of the stern father, the revengeful Italian heavy villain, and the lover who cannot bear sorrow and defeat with any degree of serenity or sportsmanship. All these people have done duty in toga, in doublet and hose, in small clothes, and in long trousers, and long ago earned a rest which certain authors refuse to give them. They have had so much work to do in past centuries that it is fully time for them to suffer a nervous breakdown and retire to some peaceful intellectual sanitarium.

The motive of revenge, too, is worn out. But in this book the instrument of Nemesis is such a thoroughly attractive person that we can afford to forget the passion which dominates the early part of his life. Perhaps we would feel his magnetism more if we were not told about it so often. A man who has all his life been told about the tremendous spectacle of Niagara Falls is almost certain to be considerably disappointed when he sees it himself. So it is with Tito. Time and again the author impresses upon us the fact that to see him is to love him, and we are led to expect so much that the very considerable attraction which he does possess almost fails to influence us. We look for an immense galvanic coil, and find only a very powerful horse-shoe magnet.

In addition to all its glaring faults, however, *Tito* has one virtue which goes far to palliate them. It is interesting, and interest is all that we have a right to expect from any books save the great ones.

G. C.

Puerto Rican and other Impressions. By William James. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The average book-buyer and book-reader of this day and generation habitually passes by on the other side when he comes upon a new book of verse by a new poet, even when the real nature of the work is disguised by as alluring a title as the above. He does so merely out of a natural desire for self-preservation, and it is just such books as this that make him wary. All of Puerto Rico there is in these hundred pages is a few proper

names and a few references to palms and the Southern Cross. The "other" impressions predominate.

About half of these impressions are sonnets—sonnets in little but the rime-scheme. Still they include, with one or two exceptions, all the poems of real merit, all of the escapes from mediocrity that the book contains. The rest are either ineffectual rondels or free verse-forms rendered unpleasant by short, jerky lines. There is little real interest aroused, because there are no people in the book—the author himself is not recognizable. Abstract ideas of love and life and fate and faith are arrayed in much the same conceits they have often worn before, and their wearying familiarity dulls our appreciation of those few that are really new-comers. For the most part this is little better than a collection of abstract commonplaces published in a far more elegant form than they deserve.

The Under Dog. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Stories of men to whom life has not by any means been a primrose path are always far more interesting reading than chronicles of more or less persistent success. All the tales in this collection pertain to the seamy side of life, but they are by no means hard-luck stories of the peevish kind. The world has treated the heroes somewhat roughly, but the author depicts the brighter side of their existences. There is not a single tragedy in the lot, and every one of them has considerable humor.

The three stories under the heading, "No respecter of persons," treat of the terrible effects of the strict interpretation of the letter of the law where the spirit of it is almost disregarded. The saddest part of them all is that the author and the reader both must of necessity realize that the letter of the law must be obeyed, no matter how apparently unjust are the effects on the individual.

All the rest of the tales concern men whom Mr. Smith has met on the railroad train, on shipboard, in punts on the Thames, and in bar-rooms on the Bronx. In all of them the atmosphere is not clearly brought out, but then there is no real attempt at atmosphere. Character is the main thing, and in the drawing of character this author has always excelled. Captain Bob Brandt is the same breezy shipper that we knew and loved

in Caleb West, with a little more experience, but not a whit less daring. He is ready for anything with just a spice of excitement in it. He at least is no under dog. If the world misunderstands him-why, so much the worse for the world. All the other characters are men whose counterparts we may see anywhere and at any time if we look for them, but Robert Brandt is a specimen of manhood that could come from no place in the world but Gloucester.

We wish also to acknowledge the following books received this month, which could not be reviewed on account of lack of space:

C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. On Satan's Mount. By Dwight Tilton.

New Amsterdam Book Co., New York. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. By Olin Lyman.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Echoes from Erin. By William Wescott Fink. Psychology and Common Life. By Frank S. Hoffenow. A Political History of Slavery. By Wm. Henry Smith.

(Notice later.) The Fur Traders of the Columbia River. As described by Washington Irving.

The Macmillan Company, New York.

Boys Self-Governing Clubs. By Winifred Buck. Philosophy Four. By Owen Wister.

(Almost the only first-class college story ever written. Absolutely true to life.)

Representative English Comedies. Edited by C. M. Gayley.

Hinds and Noble, New York.

A Broader Elementary Education. By G. P. Gordy.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. No Hero. By E. W. Hornung.

Gordon Keith. By Thomas Nelson Page.

(A worthy successor to Red Rock.)

Ginn & Co., Boston.

Wood Folk at School. By William J. Long.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. The Untilled Field. By George Moore.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The Voice in the Desert. By Pauline B. Mackie.

Published by the Author. College Course of Shorthand. By Francis J. Stein.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

- " June!" said the Saint.
- "Yes," said I, "June with its leaves and flowers, and balmy airs, and green grass, which ought to grow, but doesn't."
  - "' What is so rare as a day in June?"
- "I don't know about that!" said the Saint, dryly; "I don't think that a day in June is half so rare as a day in December—at this time of year. And I must say that you don't seem to show much appreciation of its boasted rarity. You spent the whole of yesterday afternoon in unadulterated, greasy grinding!"
- "Yes," I admitted, sheepishly; "but you know I had to do it. It was a case in which we were between the Devil and the deep C—courses!"
- "Nonsense," said the Saint, impatiently; "all these fancied horrors are mere bugaboos to frighten children. You were acting from sheer perversity."
- "I'm not so sure of that," I retorted. "You know the story in our holy chronicles, 'And a certain man went down from Vanderbilt to Alumni and fell among themes; and they stripped him of his all, and left him bruised and streaked—' And there was no Good Samaritan coming that way, either."
- "Well, well!" said my companion, testily, "Have it your own way, if you must. Of course, this is the wind-up of things in the study line; and the last lap of the race is bound to be exciting, what with the champion pluggers, racing neck and neck ahead, and the forgetful multitude sprinting desperately behind to qualify for next year's finals! But I must say, that I set my foot down on the whole proceeding. The world is so fine out of doors, and what do you know about it?"
- "I make allowance," said I, with dignity, "for the foibles of age; but I want to assure you that we are no such paragons of industry as you seem to suppose. At times, now-a-days, it is indeed well to remember that
- 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;'
  but at night, when the stars come out, including the Glee Club stars, and
  the noise of the grinding is low—then there is something else. Then
  the blood creeps up in your veins like sap; and you begin to think about
  moonlight sails, and theaters, and vaudevilles, and the only line of Virgil
  that you can remember is:

#### 'Intonuere Poli.'

Or perhaps you get into a more serious frame of mind, and go to see the only person on earth, with whom you carry on a most interesting debate, in hopes of a victory for the affirmative. And all the while the trees are rustling around you, and the stars shining down, and you feel how good it is to be alive."

"But don't you think," said the Saint, "that June examinations are a mistake?"

"I'm not sure," said I. "I think we ought to discuss it in the *News*. We could start off with a glaring heading, 'Shall Old Searching Methods be Abolished? Then we could divide the topic under three heads: (I) The Exam. might be left in its present position. (2) It might be abolished. (3) It might be removed to some other part of the college year where it could be enjoyed without interfering with our free contemplation of the growing grass on the Campus. Any of these methods would be practicable, and all will probably be adopted."

The clock struck, and I turned to go.

But just as I reached the door the Saint came up with his hand outstretched and a tear in his eye.

"What is this?" said I-I was always obtuse.

"Vacation begins now, you know," he answered; "and it's a long time to wait between old friends; but—but I wish a happy summer to you all."

F. E. P.

#### THE DUSK.

The hush of evening is over the earth
And the haze-dimmed sun hangs low;
The far, dim line of purpling wood
Deepens and fades in the dying glow.

Softly the twitter of sleepy birds
Comes over the hill to me,
And faint on the chill of the evening air
Sounds the chimes' sad melody.

Farther and farther the shadows creep,
While the ghostly mist with shrouding white
Steals over the shadowy woodland's face
And leaves me alone with the night.

-Gus M. Johnson in The Inlander.

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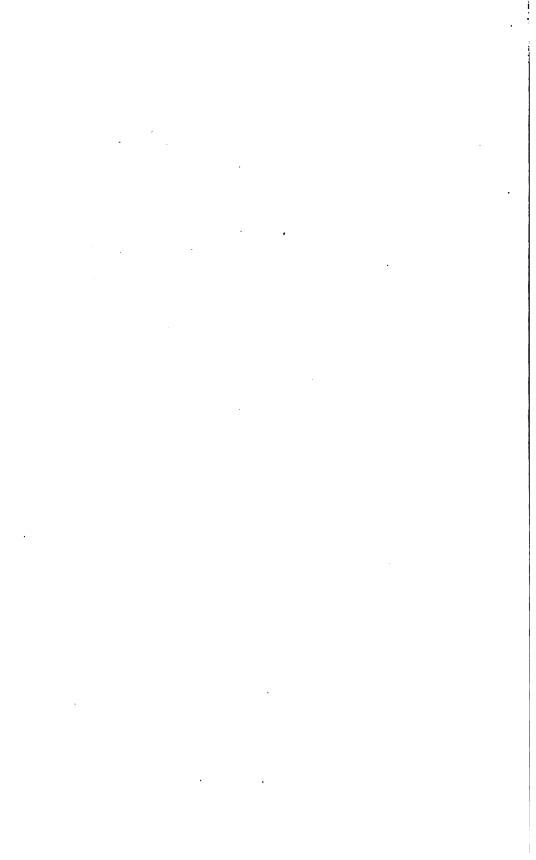
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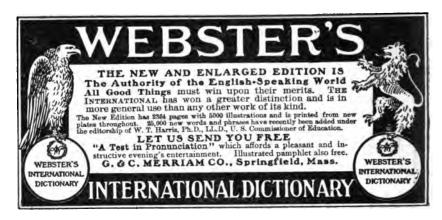
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